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ally Sloper's Half Holiday

CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

Vol. V.—No. 214.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1888.

[ONE PENNY.]



SLOPER AT THE DERBY.

"I am surprised to see that the papers speak of F. Barrett as the rider of Ayrshire, and ignore Poor Papa entirely. The fact is, Barrett turned up awfully queer just before the start, and the Duke of Portland asked Papa if he would oblige just for once. In spite of Papa being in one of Mamma's old riding habits (he'd pawned all his own things to back Ayrshire), he did what he was asked, and with what success you all know too well."—TOOTSIE.

SHAM AND REALITY.



1. Silas Grubbs, although a clerk, was a man of determination, so makes up his mind to see the Derby at any price, therefore this deceit.

2. But why did he get drunk and act in this rash manner? What evil spirit impelled his hand to deal so cruel a blow?

3. But a Nemesis awaits him in the shape of a battered hat and a well-shod foot, and he gyrates through mid-air at the rate of fifty miles a minute.

AN OLD-FASHIONED STREET RUFFIAN.

AMONG the common depredators, highwaymen, foot-pads, burglars, and pickpockets infesting London after Mr. Johnathan Wild, the thief-taker's, untimely ending on Tyburn Tree, none acquired more notoriety than one Burnworth, who, with others of the same gang, came in his turn to the gallows.

His history, told at much greater length than I have room for here, gives one some curious insight into the London life of the earlier part of the eighteenth century. We may read how he, with a handful of other ruffians, armed with pistols and cutlasses, held parley with the keeper of Clerkenwell Bridewell, and retired, harmlessly holding a large crowd at bay; and how again Burnworth, for whose capture two large sums had been offered, one day swaggered along Holborn, stopped and seated himself at the door of a public-house where he was well-known, and, pistol in hand, called for a pint of beer, drank it, paid, and swaggered away again with the greatest apparent unconcern, no one daring to molest him.

Betrayed by, and seized in the lodgings of two women, on whom he spent his ill-gotten gains, he was, on a Shrove Tuesday, and in the middle of a pancake supper, dragged off to Newgate. Here, having procured a crow-bar, he got some of the prisoners to help him in pulling stones out of the wall, whilst others roared out psalms, so that the gaolers could not hear what they were doing. The attempt to

escape failing, he was removed into a cell known as "The Bilboes," and loaded with a pair of the heaviest irons in the prison; but, supplied with files and saws by his visitors, he again broke his way through a wall.

For this he was chained down to the floor of the condemned hold. On his way, with others of the gang, to Kingston, where the Surrey Assizes were held—a journey which they performed handcuffed in a waggon guarded by a party of Dragoons—they exchanged jokes with the crowd, and scattered money for them to scramble for. A boy, having picked up a piece, told the prisoner who threw it that he would have his, the prisoner's name, Blewitt, engraved on it, as sure as he would be hanged at Kingston, on which Blewitt gave him a shilling to pay the expense of engraving, and this promise the boy actually carried out.

Brought up for trial, Burnworth refused to plead, so was condemned to be pressed to death unless he did. He bore the weight of one hundred, three quarters and two pounds upon his breast for an hour and three minutes, endeavouring, the greater part of the time, to kill himself by dashing his head against the stone flags, after which he consented to plead.

A short time before his execution he told one of the keepers that "if he did not see him buried in a decent manner, he would meet him after death in a dark entry and pull off his nose."

His body was brought, after his execution, to be fitted with chains at Southwark Gaol, and then suspended on a gibbet in St. George's Fields, near which he had murdered an accomplice, who turned king's evidence against him.

"Billiam," bleated the Blue-Eyed Bloodless One, "supposing that keeper had been Poor Pa!"

"That there ghost would have had something to hold on to," murmured William Higgins, with a gentle smile.

(A real good 'un next week.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Owing to the demand on our space, we cannot guarantee to answer Correspondents immediately on the receipt of their queries—particularly the queerest; but all questions put to the Editor, or to any member of "THE FAMILY," will be answered in due course. Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned should enclose stamps for that purpose.

A READER (Hackney).—We will consider your suggestion.—ROBERT WARD (Wandsworth Road).—Your sketch is rather good, but sorry it is crowded out.—A. P. O'CONNOR (Wanerton, Liverpool).—Thanks, but not feasible.—A. WINN (Old Bridge Terrace, Grimsby).—We hope you will enjoy your trip to Australia.—FILI SERIS.—We cannot please every crotchety person.—J. OUSTON (Louthbury).—No use, thanks.—ROBERT LEAKE (Stoke-on-Trent).—We cannot please fussy people.—T. H.—Ask the lady to step up to "The Slopieries," then.—W. S. ("New Inn," New Town).—All right again now.—TOBY (Mountain View, St. Bees, Cumberland).—What cheer?—JAMES LEE (Woodhouse Street, Kirkdale, Liverpool).—Thanks; no use.—YOUNG BARNEY (Meadow Street, Coventry).—ALLY was not in Coventry on the date you mention.—MEG (Main Street, St. Bees, Cumberland).—All right now.—F. HEAVER (Salcott Road, Wandsworth Common).—The "potato" has been placed among the "Relics."—GEORGE A. GRANT (Upper Market Street, Woolwich).—ALLY is sorry he couldn't come.—SYDNEY SHAW (St. James's Hall).—Your oratorio of "Gethsemane" was undoubtedly a brilliant success.—W. H. GRIFFITHS (The Prince of Wales's Theatre).—Thanks for programme of your matinee. ALLY enjoyed the show immensely.—AN ENEMY OF SLOPER'S.—All right, old party, keep your hair on.—A SUB-CRIBER FROM THE COMMENCEMENT (Bedford).—We trust everything is all right now.—ANON.—Thanks.—F. A. C.—Whitewash.—JUNIPER BERRY (Spring Gardens, Manchester).—Well, don't break the rules again, and fire away.—FRED BONE (Osborn Road, S.E.).—Thank you. We should advise you to cultivate patience and civility.—MARK JOHN KING (Camden Grove, Peckham).—The "potato" has been placed among the "Slopierian Relics."—J. A. M. Q.—No use, thanks.—MRS. DAVID JOHNSTON (Buchanan Street, Dunfermline).—All in their good turn, dear madam. We shall be pleased to award your good man a "watch" when the time comes.—ALFRED CHEESEMAN (St. Michael's Terrace, Hastings).—We are glad you are so pleased with the "HALF-HOLIDAY."—BARON WALLER ("The Ship," Hart Street, E.C.).—Thank you.

"ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY."

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99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* * The List will close this day, SATURDAY, JUNE 2ND, 1888.

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

THEY were passing through Clare Market, when, noticing a quarrel between four or five half-dressed and dirty women, Simpson turned to his friend and said, "Why is that disturbance like the act of hopping?" "Give it up," replied the other. "Because it's a kind of low commotion (locomotion)," said Simpson, and then he hurried on.

New Servant Girl (from Orphan School). If you please, m'm, master said the hare was for dinner. How is't cooked, m'm? I never see one before.

Mistress. It is to be roasted, Anne. It is game, you know.

Mistress. Have you put the hare down to roast yet, Anne? Goodness, gracious, child! what are you doing?

Servant (almost crying). Why, m'm, you said it was game, and I know game always has to be plucked, and I've been trying to pluck it ever since, but these feathers are hard to get out, m'm.

"ADAM was the only man who never had a father! He was made—well, little boy, what do you wish to say?" enquired a Sunday School teacher. "Please, sir, there was another," observed a pupil. "Who was that?" asked the teacher. "Joshua, the son of none," replied the pupil.

It is one of those peculiar things that, as Dundreary says, "no man can understand," that when an artist goes in for painting a flock of ducks in oil, no matter how much he may strive to the contrary, they invariably turn out canvas backs.



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 214.—The "Lord Chamberlain" Costume.



If that gal of mine wants many more love letters a day, I shall have to employ a clerk specially for her service.



Ah, listen to the sad refrain! By Gosh! it is a Moorish strain. Vain is the art, the singing vain, If we ne'er hear it like again.



THE SPIRIT OF HAMLET'S FATHER.
"I am thy father's spirit."



A "BALANCE" AT THE BANK.
This is no nos(e)trum, but a straight tip—book it.



Portrait of Smuggles serenading his ladylove, accompanied by himself. Observe the faithful bloodhound in attendance.

"It is a most remarkable thing," observed Mr. Penhecker the other day in confidence to a friend, "I don't know whether you have noticed it or not, but in the history of the creation the Almighty saw that everything He had made was good—except woman!" Comment is superfluous.

"WHAT a beautiful wood!" remarked a romantic passenger in an excursion train. "Yes, that 'ud light a good many fires, wouldn't it," said a practical ditto.

"HERE, waitaw, bring me the—er—menoo," exclaimed a third-rate lardydar. "Yessir," returned an overworked supernumerary taken on for the day; "have it roast or biled, sir?"

"P'RAPS you may think it hazardous"

(His lips curled as he spoke);

"But I don't like your Lazarus—

Your poor man who is broke.

"Give me the man who's worth a plum;

I'll risk his being bad;

So I'll take Dives for my chum,

While you maintain your fad."

"Dear sir, do not disturb yourself,

You're sure to meet your friend;

For, with your wondrous love of pelf,

You'll share the rich man's end."

It was in the ancient city of Gloucester on the evening after the Friendly Societies procession. One amiable Gloucesterian, under the influence of rough cider, had upset another, and was engaged in the most business-like manner in jumping on his stomach. "Over, mon," exclaimed the victim, "shoot oop, dooo—yel shoove arl my brains oop inter my yed."

First Acquaintance. Ah! you know McMouthier, the actor, do you? Ah! sad dog! sad dog!

Second Acquaintance. Yes; and I don't think there's much chance of his mending now.

First Acquaintance (eagerly). Indeed! Why not?

Second Acquaintance. Because I have seen him in such a number of pieces.

"COME along, my dear, here's the Dook telling us racy stories," said ALLY. "Then I'd better leave the room," remarked Mrs. Sloper, "because I dislike them kind of tales, and I don't think it right as the mother of a family that—" "You mistake me, my dear," said the Eminent, "the Dook's anecdotes are about horses, not women."

SCENE—Back Attic in Westminster.

Sanitary Inspector. Poo! Phauh! My good woman, why don't you keep your room cleaner? The smell is perfectly abominable!

Lodger. Sure, and I'm only a poor widdy woman, and how can I afford to kape it claner at all, at all!

'Tis said nine tailors make a man,

But 'twas told me by a sailor:

'Twas said by Sal, and Sue, and Nan,

That nine mashers make a tailor.

WHEN a man makes ducks and drakes of his money, he is generally a goose: but sometimes he is a gull, and at others a pigeon, who has received foul, or rather foul, treatment at the hands of the hawks.

First Literary Man. I say, old fellow, do you know the real cause of this man Donnelly's gammon about Shakespeare and Bacon?

Second Literary Man. To make money, I suppose.

First Literary Man. No, sir; the root of the whole affair lies in the fact that Mr. Donnelly is of Irish decent, and Shakespeare in the whole of his works never once introduced an Irish character, so by way of revenge for such an injustice to the inhabitants of "the first gim of the say," Donnelly introduced the Cryptogram.

"THERE goes Brown the widower," said Jones. "Yes, poor fellow, he's very much the worse for wear, isn't he?" queried Smith. "The worse for wear! What do you mean?" exclaimed Jones. "Why, he wants repairing, that's all."

Schoolmistress. What were the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah destroyed by?

Head of the class. By brimstone and treacle, mum!

"SEEKING the derivation of words is a particularly interesting pursuit, and a useful one also. Take the word harmony, for instance; you will find that, if taken in the shape of music-halls and smoking concerts for any length of time, harmony will do considerable harm to your money."—Extract from Sloper's Etymology.

THEM as loves the fields may go there,

When gals they want to meet;

Damp, slippy'ry grass I can't abear;

Give me my London street.

There's snakes and snails, and toads and frogs,

Beetle, slug, and spider;

I don't like woods, or fields, or bogs,

When I roam aside her.

Give me the pave on which to walk,

With gas all lighted up;

My gal and me can stroll and talk

Until 'tis time to sup.

"WHAT is the meaning, my dear, of the expression 'beating a man hollow'?" enquired a loving wife. "Why—er—it means—er—it signifies—er—er—to knock the stuffing out of a fellow," replied her spouse.

THE currents of the ocean are much like the currants on land. That is to say, you will find the greater number of them of a green tint; but if you look in the proper places—that is, in the respective seas—you'll discover them Black, Red and White.

"WHAT's that ye say—we've no manufactures in the south of Oireland? Ah, begorra, thin, don't we make the prettiest corpses in the wor-r-ld? Jist ask our landlords."

ALLY SLOPER'S ART UNION.

With a view of benefiting that portion of the public who purchase "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," original paintings by the most eminent artists will, from time to time, be given away. The first that is offered is a large oil painting by A. B. HUGGINGTON, measuring 6 ft. 7 in. x 4 ft. 7 in., in a handsome gold frame, and representing

THE EXIT OF "USELESS MOUTHS" FROM A BESIEGED CITY.

This picture, which is in the artist's best style, is valued by Art connoisseurs as being worth £1,000. The award will not be made until June 30th. All that has to be done is to make ONE APPLICATION ONLY, by sending an Envelope with this announcement enclosed, together with the Name and Address of the Applicant. Address—

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"THE SLOPERIES,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* * This great masterpiece is now on view, and can be seen any day, free of charge, between the hours of 10 A.M. and 6 P.M., on production of a copy of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," at Messrs. VICARS BROTHERS' Fine Art Galleries, 5 Eagle Place, Piccadilly, S.W.

TOOTSIE AT THE OAKS.

THE Oaks Stakes (it says so in a book of Ma's) were instituted by the twelfth Earl of Derby, and the first race won by his bay mare Bridget on the 11th of May, 1779—ninety-nine years ago. Think of that!



SLOPER and the purse trick.

forth a leaf, poor Pa says we may know more. Let this be as it may, Ma's book goes on to observe that the oak tree, so associated with the Hearts of Oaks of Old England, is not, after all, any more an English production than is the tune of "God save the Queen,"—one sort having come from the South of France, and another from America, the first planted here about three hundred, and the second about a hundred years ago.

The oak that Charles II. hid himself up was, you know, at Bos-cobel, in Shropshire. Very probably, though, Charles's Oak had no more to do with the name of the race than Fairlop Oak had; but under the head of "Useful Information," these remarks should be acceptable to all Well-Regulated Girls.

Of course, we went to the Oaks. I hardly know why it is we never all go to the Derby, unless it is that Poor Pa thinks it isn't so select. Anyhow, as usual, we made up a party consisting of Tottie



A fashionable light-weight.

Poor Pa, with an eye to business, sat up most of the previous night practising the purse trick, over which, not being quite up to the mark, he lost fifteen shillings, and got a little kicked at Kempton Park a week or two ago, and we found him on the hill very busy. That Alexandry, who I believe meditates taking on Charley Wood's engagements for a month or two, had an imposing appearance in jockey's apparel, which quite fetched Nellie; but he spoilt himself rather by falling off the other side of his horse every time they gave him a leg up, and somebody said, "Is this a circus entertainment?"

We went down in a landau, Billy sitting on the box with his feet on the hamper, which we could not manage to fasten on behind, so that his knees were on a level with his nose, which made him look rather silly, as well as not, perhaps, being quite as comfortable as we were. However, one can't always have everything one wishes.

Billy, of course, brought the hamper with the carriage, and at the sight of it we all jumped high and clapped our hands. But presently Lardi said, "The name's spelt wrong; it ought to be Fortnum, not Fortnam and Mason;" and, later on, when we found the thing contained a stone bottle of ale and some ginger-beer, and ham and beef sliced in a paper, half a pot of anchovy paste and a box of sardines, but no knife to open them, Billy was denounced as a fraud and swindle.



A sportive customer.

In fact, Billy came nowhere up to the mark on this occasion, but got lamentably tipsy all by himself round a corner, and had to be tied on the seat going home. Poor Pa having once again gone stone-broke over the purse trick, in which he is not yet perfect, and having got kicked a little more, turned up a wreck and remnant fearful to behold, so we tied him up by the side of Billy, whilst Alexandry, who had been accused of "pulling," and ordered off the course, we hid under the seat to avoid another turf scandal.

Altogether, I can scarcely acknowledge that this has been a successful day, and coming home we had a few words all round, and Lardi pulled off Tottie's hat. On our arrival we learnt that one of the twins had swallowed a brass button. Which, we can't say, but both have had convulsions.

TWENTY SILVER KEYLESS WATCHES GIVEN AWAY EVERY WEEK

To Purchasers of ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

Cut out and fill in the Label printed below, and post it to:— THE "SLOPER" WATCH DEPARTMENT, "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

THE "SLOPER" WATCH COMPETITION.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," June 2nd, 1888.

Name _____

Address _____

Age _____

Occupation, if any _____

How many times applied _____

How long a Purchaser of the "Half-Holiday" _____

The list for this week's Competition will close on Wednesday evening next, June 6th, 1888. The Result of the Competition of May 26th, 1888, will be published in the "HALF-HOLIDAY" for June 9th, 1888.

95th WEEK. RESULT OF MAY 19th COMPETITION.

The following Twenty Applicants have been awarded:

"SLOPER" WATCHES:—

1. GEORGE TOWNSEY, Wharf Foreman, Dock House, Old Gravel Lane, St. George's-in-the-East. Age, 51 years. Subscriber—from the commencement. LONDON.
2. EDWARD BAXTER WILSON, Civil Servant, 3 St. James's Square. Age, 23 years. Subscriber—2 years, 6 months. LONDON.
3. ALBERT JOHNSON, Clerk, 42 Delancey Street, Gloucester Gate. Age, 26 years. Subscriber—since August, 1884. LONDON.
4. J. GERARD, Woodcaves. Age, 20 years. Subscriber—3 years. ASHBURN.
5. MARY ANN SMITH. Age, 62 years. Subscriber—nearly 4 years. ASHLEY.
6. LIZZIE M. BLUNDELL, 2 New Street. Age, 16 years. Subscriber—8 months, 1 week. CHEDDINGTON.
7. WILLIAM COLLIER, Hatter, Albion Place, London Road. Age, 14 years. Subscriber—6 months, 3 weeks. HAZELGROVE.
8. FRED GIBSON, Porter, L. & Y. Railway, Yews Hill. Age, 25 years. Subscriber—over 5 months. LOCKWOOD.
9. HARRISS PALMER, Booking Clerk, G.E.R. Station. Age, 20 years. Subscriber—34 weeks. THURSTON.
10. JAMES CAMPBELL LAIRD, Plumber, 2 Emma Street. Age, 24 years. Subscriber—3 years, 5 months. BLAIRGOWRIE.
11. GEORGE LAWRENCE, Engineman, 39 Newton Road, Wimsill. Age, 23 years. Subscriber—81 weeks. BURTON-ON-TRENT.
12. J. W. THOMPSON, Butcher, 23 High Street. Age, 23 years. Subscriber—4 years. HUNTINGDON.
13. JAMES M. CONNELL, Farmer, Burt. Age, 24 years. Subscriber—39 weeks. LONDONDERRY.
14. FREDERICK EYRE, House Decorator, 36 Farnbridge Road. Age, 21 years. Subscriber—3 years, 3 months. MALDEN.
15. PETER G. MARSHALL, Clerk, 5 Gowrie Street. Age, 26 years. Subscriber—80 weeks. PERTH.
16. B. BEARDSHAW, Clerk, 30 Upper Hanover Street, Brookhill. Age, 30 years. Subscriber—20 months. SHEFFIELD.
17. MYLES HARTLEY, Brazier, 32 King Street. Age, 31 years. Subscriber over 3 years. ULVERSTON.
18. F. B. SHELTON, Station Master, G.N.R., Stanley. Age, 33 years. Subscriber—since August, 1884. WAKEFIELD.
19. RICHARD WILLIAMS, Policeman, Police Station, Wood Green. Age, 24 years. Subscriber—since March, 1886. WEDNESBURY.
20. WALTER TAYLOR, China Decorator, 12 College Precincts. Age, 21 years. Subscriber—since August, 1886. WORCESTER.

"GLADYS."

(AFTER WORDSWORTH.)

SHE came from school, a lovely flower;
Her father said, "A richer dower
No maid shall ever gain;
Where'er she be, at every hour,
She'll owe the glory and the power
That *L. & S.* sustain.

"The modistes all their aid shall lend
To her, nor shall she fail to send
To Worth *et Compagnie*;
And they for park, at homes, or dance,
Shall all the maidens' charms enhance
Right well and cunningly.

"Salons at midnight shall be dear
To her, and she shall have no peer
In many a brilliant place,
Where mashers waltz their weary round;
And rouge at four-and-six the pound
Shall beautify her face.

"High-heeled boots, full, neat, and slight,
Shall rear her form to stately height,
To captivate each swell.
Such things to Gladys I will give,
And she shall laugh and dance and live,
A fashionable belle."

So Midas spake. And it was so!
And Gladys soon was all the go
Among the "Upper Ten."
And thus she lived, for self alone,
Courtied by all, beloved by none,
And thus she died—and then!

COMPARATIVELY SPEAKING.

"CAN you decline a mine?" interrogated a tutor. "Yes, sir," said a sharp pupil, "it's a Welsh gold mine I wouldn't have one at a gift." "Ah, but I mean grammatically," remarked the tutor. "Humph!—positive, a gold mine; comparative, a gold miner; and superlative, decidedly minus."

YOUR CHARACTER TOLD.

For the Benefit of the Readers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," the services of a Graphologist of great skill and talent have been engaged. Readers desiring a delineation of their character must send a letter of moderate length, signed with the usual signature, and accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope (with the writer's own address). All letters must be directed to:—

"ALLY SLOPER'S GRAPHOLOGIST,"

"THE SLOPERIES," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

Answers will be posted direct to the addresses given on Envelopes. No notice will be taken of any communication not complying with the above regulations. Answers cannot be guaranteed within fourteen days, but will be forwarded as early as possible.

A SWEATER.

In a street, a narrow street down Shoreditch way, the woman lived with her child. You or I, who do not much relish the smell of

fried fish and bloaters, and stale cabbage-leaves, would have called it "dying" down there, not "living" down there.

She never thought much about either living or dying. It was very wrong of her, but then you see thinking is a tiring business, and you want some sort of support to keep it up. Working sixteen hours a day, and living on bread and dripping and weak tea doesn't produce a good thinker.

She and her little girl worked at box-making.



Worked at box-making.

Making cardboard boxes for common ornaments such as you see are given away with two pounds of tea at cutting grocer's shops, they earned together about one and ninepence a day. But then work did not always come in regularly from the big box shop.

"Little Meg," the mother would think as she watched the child, "what a world it is that you who are as pretty a little lady as any baby countess going, have to slave until you kill yourself!"

"The bells of the tramcars—I can hear 'em above the housetops—are as pleasant as sheep-bells, and if you shut your eyes and make believe, you can almost fancy you are in the country."

"You are a country bird in a town cage," her mother would say.

Little Meg got weaker and weaker, and one winter's morning when the sun cleared the fog away from the Hackney Road, Meg's spirit went off with it. Her mother grieved for her quite as much as if they had earned more than one and ninepence a day.

She had one friend, however, a very pretty girl, who used to come by train from Kensington to visit poor folk in the East-end.

Some people say that sort of thing doesn't do any real good. I never yet, though, found anyone equal to proving that it did any harm. When the woman fell ill, the pretty girl nursed her.

"She must have seen better days," the girl thought.

This so kept on her mind that she said to the sick woman, "You were not always working as you do now." "No," the woman said, "but when one falls poor, my dear, one may still keep one's pride. I never begged of anyone—much less of relations. I

did not always work for Hocheimer & Co., of Ruby Street." "Hocheimer & Co.," said the girl, "why, that is my father's firm." Then she blushed deeply. "You are not paid much for your work," she said.

"Do not trouble yourself, my dear," answered the woman with a feeble smile, "nothing will trouble me much very soon." That evening the girl said to her father, "I have been visiting a woman who works for you. Her child died too, and she died. The woman is very bad."

"They must all take their chance," he said; "business is business, my dear. They're not obliged to work for me unless they like. I can't lend helping hands everywhere."

"I have grown so fond of the woman," she said, "and I believe she likes me."

The next day Parker—Mr. Parker (in reality Hochheimer and Co.) called on his solicitor.

"Ah," said the lawyer, rubbing his hands, "that was a queer will of your uncle's—the life-interest of that immense fortune to be your sister's. After her death to go to found hospitals and such nonsense. It would be worth your while, Parker, to find her."

Parker hadn't seen his sister for years. Sisters who become poor are in the way.

"I wish I hadn't cut her, though, altogether," he muttered to himself, as he drove home.

When he got there his daughter had been crying.

"Papa," she said, "how strange that poor woman is dead. She said her maiden name was Parker, and she once lived in Taunton. It's very curious, isn't it?"

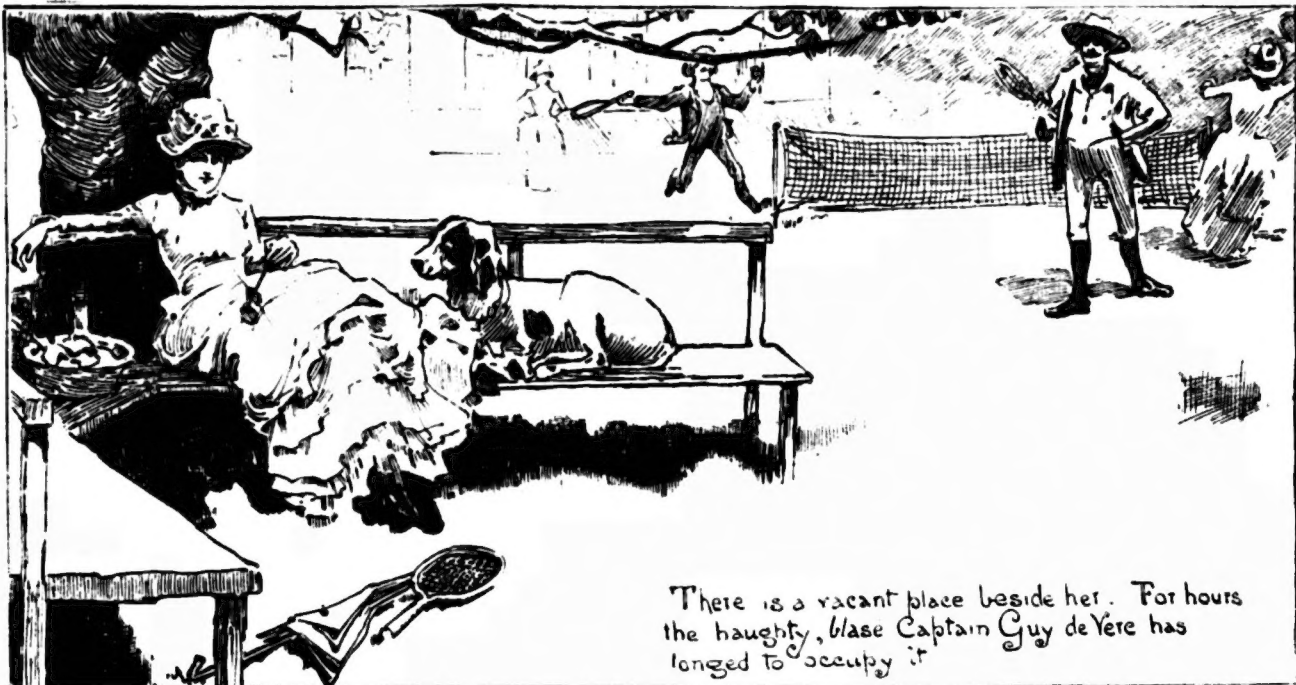
It was the man's own sister that had died.

Some business men came to call on him. His daughter ordered them away in an unbusinesslike fashion.



She ordered them away.

DARN IT ALL!



And when he did—Oh, lor! What a thing it is to suffer from the darning needle complaint!



WHAT WE ARE COMING TO.

He. I-haw—want to put a-haw—"monkey" on the favourite. Female Bookmaker. Can't do it; got nowhere to put you. Better try the ring—might manage you there.

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



No. 28.—MISS VESTA TILLEY.

"Polite and gentle, trim and neat."
—The Dook Snook.
"A beauteous maiden, fair to see, the very pearl of minstrelsy."
—Lord Bob.
"She's wonderfully pretty, delightfully witty, the idol of every one's heart."
—The Hon. Billy.

COLINETTE'S DAIRY SHOW.



1. "The Departmental Commission on Agriculture," read Collette, "and Dairy Schools in Great Britain have issued their report, in which district and dairy schools are declared to be an urgent and pressing need." Then turning to Colin, "Can you read?" "No!" he replied.



2. "Ah! they're quite right," said Collette. "And the sooner you begin to learn the better. I'll teach you." "Will ee?" said Colin, delighted. "Yes. To begin with, go and get me the birch-broom out of the cow-house." "Wha fa?" asked he. "You shall know," she replied. So he got it.



3. Out of it she deftly manufactured a fair-sized rod, and seating herself on an inverted milk pail, "Now," said she, producing her penny songster which did duty for a spelling book, "What's the first letter?" "Eh?" enquired Colin, who hadn't paid particular attention to her question.



4. "Good boy," said Collette, "I see you know your alphabet." "No, I don't," cried he. "Don't! Then what did you mean by saying A, for?" she demanded. "I only axed yer wot ye was n-tawing about," he replied. "Hold out your hand!" With a grin he did so.

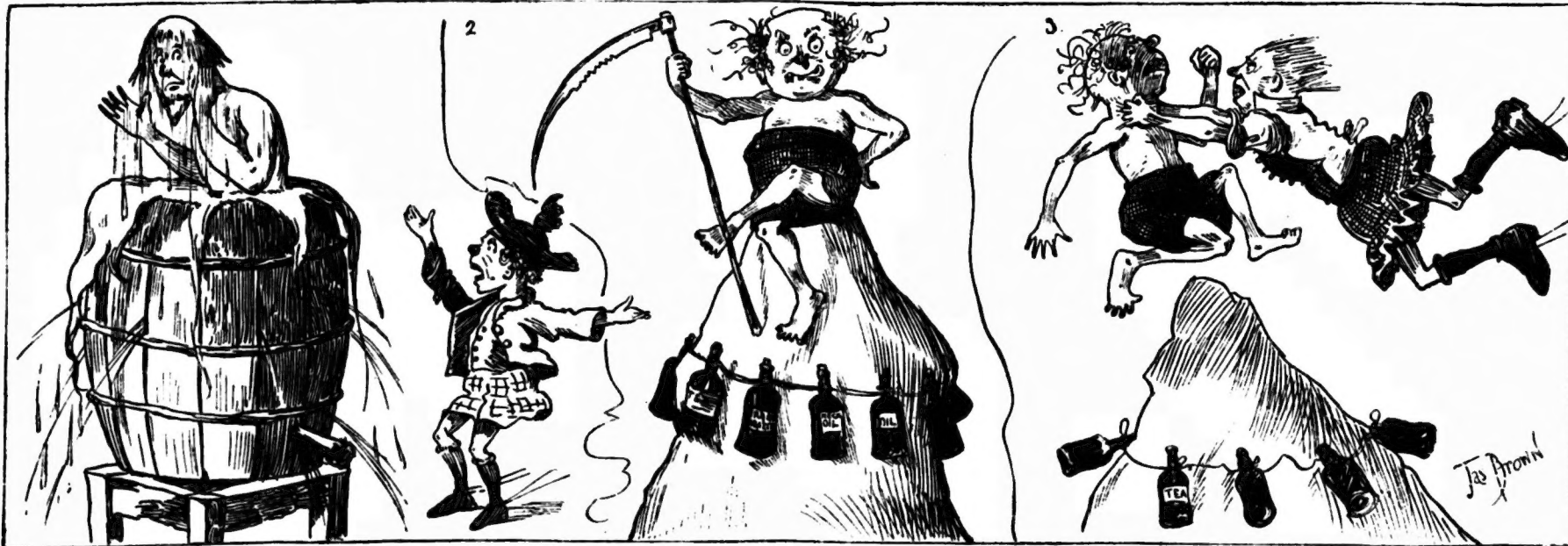


5. Swish, swish, swish! Collette was fair to look upon. Some would have pronounced her a fair fragile flower. Not so Colin, who now with anguish-puckered brow knew too well the strength of her graceful arm.



6. "And now, sir," said she, shaping the paper she had been reading into a fool's cap, "You'll just wear this all your dinner hour." But Colin with a surly grunt turned on his heel. So Collette had to leave his tuition to the Departmental Commission.

THE LAIRD HAS THE JIM-JAMS.



1. As the Elder was performing his ablutions, the other morning, an excited messenger rushed up, saying, "McNab, McNab! the Laird's got 'em again, and the Meenister wants you to bash him! Git yer clothes on sharp, laddie."

2. This was the sight that greeted the dear Elder's horrified gaze; there was no doubt about it, the Laird had them bad this time.

3. "Ye disgraceful brit," said the Elder, "ye'll gie the vera craws a turn," as he flung him gently aside, thus; and the Laird yelped in reply, "Nabby Nibby Nish Nash! McNab's the devil, and the devil ish McNab!"



OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Two to one, bar one. Come on, Ladies and Gentlemen, back me, and you have spotted the winner of the Great Showman's Handicap. Trot on:—A jump, a drop, then all was o'er, Benson will never trouble more:—"Who steals your purse steals trash," said he, "So good-bye, mum, I'm off to tea:—A second Garnet, bold and gay, Showed fighting was not always play:—This bright idea is given free, Of what a Ladies' Day should be:—Said Justice Day, "Receive this lash." "No, thanks, my lud, I won't be rash:—An improved duel I here do show. What, eggs for weapons! Yes, just so:—A prize-ring! Well, upon my word, Your actions were—well, too absurd.—Did any of you solve my last—well—cryptogram? You all know the winner now, of course. My tip was quite correct, you see, as was naturally to be expected. That's nothing to what I can do if I like. Wait till next year's tip from—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.

THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE GENERAL SERVANT.



She. But where is all your money, Harry? He. Fact is, dear, put it all on a horse. Directly the race started, the horse bolted. She. Dear me! with all your money, too. But you'll get it back when they catch it, won't you?



She. Really, Mr. Travers, such conduct is outrageous. If it continues, I shall call for assistance. Travers. Don't call for—(hic)—any—anything. Blued all my—(hic)—all through peepish calling for things.



ALLY-CAMPANE.

THE Derby! Ha! what pleasant thoughts those two little words raise in our minds, especially when we look back to years gone by, and recollect some pleasant incident which occurred during the Derby week.



The modern Derby may be all very well in its way, but can it be compared to twenty years ago, when it was quite common to see a score or more of starters for this our greatest race, instead of the meagre seven or eight we have been used to during recent years. There is no doubt the race is degenerating, and without any remedy that we can see—but stay, how would it do to lay on a host of pretty girl bookmakers, warning off all those of the male tribe? Would not that draw the madding crowd?

SLOPER hears that the Frenchman, Lecomte, who attempted to murder the bank messenger, was condemned to penal servitude for life at Paris the other day. The surgeon who examined the wounded man said he had only escaped

within an inch of his life. Another physician, who had inquired into the mental condition of the accused, said that Lecomte, when asked by him if he had committed a crime, replied, "Morally, yes; commercially, no." He had tried to murder the man for business purposes, and was justified in doing so.

LOYALTY to their employers is an admirable trait in workmen, no doubt; but still it is possible to overdo it. The *employes* of a carriage manufacturer at Stratford overdid it with a vengeance a day or two ago, when, to celebrate the marriage of their master's daughter, they improvised a cannon out of a 56-lb. weight, which had a hole in it, and charged it with a quarter of a pound of powder. As was perhaps to be expected, the weight burst, and injured three of the celebrators.

IN spite of the opposition of a well-known member, who called the idea "wretched tomfoolery," the Court of Common Council have decided to have a new pattern hat instead of the pleasant-looking, though heavy-wearing, "silk topper," to wear with their mazarine gowns. Let us hope that at the next Lord Mayor's Show the Common Councilmen will not mar the effect of their new head-dresses by smoking in the procession, as some of them are wont to do now. A clay looks rather out of place.

W. S. GILBERT, coming down from a great reception recently, stood in the hall waiting for a servant to bring him his coat and hat. As he stood there a heavy swell, descending, took him for a servant-in-waiting, and called out to him, "Call me a four-wheeler!" Mr. Gilbert placed his glass to his eye, and looking blandly at the swell, said, "You are a four-wheeler." "What do you mean?" said the swell. Said Mr. Gilbert, "You told me to call you a four-wheeler, and I have done so. I really couldn't call you handsome, you know." The swell descended into the depths of his collar, and has not since been heard of.

A SHORT time ago ALLY was present at a performance of Craven's well known comedy-drama, *Coals of Fire*, given at the Royal Park Hall, Camden Town, by the "Hermit's Dramatic Club." The piece was admirably acted throughout by all concerned, Mr. Frederic Jacques as Festral, Mr. Stalman, Mr. Horace Swingle, and Miss Lily Mitchell as the persecuted governess, however, deserving special mention. The drama was preceded by a brightly written farce by Mr. Houghton Townley, entitled, *Toutie*, the title rôle being cleverly sustained by Miss Lily Hopkins.

BRAVO, Russia! The Russian engineers have just been successful, after several attempts, in blowing up the rock of Inkermann, which threatened to crush the railroad between Sebastopol and Simpheropol. The work was so successfully performed that only a small quantity of earth fell, and this was speedily cleared away. The route, henceforth, between Sebastopol and Simpheropol is secure against all danger of this character.

TWO sand grouse were shot on the Clifton estate, near Nottingham. The like has been the fate this spring of several other rare birds, namely, the rough legged buzzard, taken in a trap near Bowden, in Cheshire; the pied flycatcher, shot near Glamorgan; the hoopoe, near Abingdon; and the short toed lark, near Northallerton, all killed in the "close time." The last named is extremely rare as a British bird.

AT a concert given in a small town in Ireland recently, all the performers were composed of the female sex, the only male person present being the conductor, a clergyman. That gentleman may be congratulated on his position. What is certain is that this feminine demonstration ought to convince the opponents of degrees for women that there is, at least, one phase of art in which the ladies are independent of academic recognition.

A RATHER curious chapter of accidents occurred recently. While a man was riding a hired horse at a rapid pace on Wanstead Flats, a lad ran across the track, and was immediately knocked down and frightfully injured. His right eye was crushed, the sight being completely destroyed. The horse fell and its rider was picked up insensible. Several of his teeth were knocked out, and he was otherwise seriously injured. Both the man and boy are in a critical state.

WILLIAM SIGGINS was married—had been so for thirty-three years. He toddled home one night and found a ladder placed against the window of his wife's sleeping apartment. Knowing he had not ordered the bricklayer or the painter, he rushed to the door of his spouse's bed-chamber. It was locked! William's suspicion being aroused he hammered at it, when it was opened by his faithful wife, who explained it was put

there for the purpose of letting one of the children into the next garden. Perhaps William was hasty; but he could hardly be blamed for striking the partner of his choice, although it cost him fifteen-and-six next morning.

MISS FRANCES MINNIE NOLAN, a sweet young thing of about twenty, has just obtained £250 from Herbert Parker Hill as a kind of salve for the loss of his hand and heart. Hill had left her £1,000 in a will which he had made; but Frances believes that £250 in hand is worth £1,000 in the bush. Then, attractive though the lady is, £250 is a big consideration in the marriage market. "Tall, fine-looking, and handsomely-dressed" ladies with £250 are not to be picked up every day.

THE Evergreen Family are still urging on their rollicking career, having lately undoubtedly been struck with a kind of music hall madness. The Parthenon at Greenwich was the scene of their latest exploits. Some people may think Greenwich too far to visit a place of amusement. Not a bit of it; a train will land you there in two or three minutes, and the Hall will be found quite worthy of a visit. At least, the Family found it so, for a more pleasant evening they have not spent for a long time. Will Bint, an old chum of ALLY's, was there in fine form, both as regards singing and drinking. Which do you do most of every evening, Will, my boy? But please remember in future that Tootsie is engaged. Kissing behind a fan is hardly proper, you know. Perhaps you thought you were entitled to do so when you saw Lord Bob in earnest conversation with sweet Madeline Howard; but it was simply business, and business, you know, must be attended to.

THE know-alls of the cricket field are beginning to play the parts of so many prophets. They would have us believe that Turner has established a "funk" amidst English batsmen, and that the Australians will carry everything before them in consequence. The Antipodeans may win the majority of matches played; but their victories will not be attributable to the kittenheartedness of our native battists. If there be even a solitary cricketer who is affrighted, let him remember that there was once an Australian bowler who was known as "the Demon," whose lightning-swift delivery finally afforded English batsmen child's play.

A BALD head is considered to lend an air of dignity to the owner of it, and possibly it is on this account that a new club is about starting in Paris, to which none but bald-headed men are admitted as members.

SINCE the line of international exhibitions began not one has been the occasion of a more striking spectacle than that which was opened at Barcelona the other day, waitresses being everything that could be desired. Apart from this, the show at Barcelona is a conspicuous proof of the vitality and vigour of the international exhibition system. A score of years ago the international exhibition principle appeared to have been worn threadbare. Nobody now imagines that the practice will ever be discontinued. From one year's end to another the air rings with the preparations for international exhibitions, and they are likely to continue till the end of time.

THE abode of Mr. and Mrs. Egan, of Chelsea, can hardly be a terrestrial paradise. Mrs. Egan accuses her husband of eating some fish which she had brought home for "the boy," while Mr. Egan charges that "baste of a stray cat." It was not the cat, however, which experienced the effects of Mrs. Egan's wrath, but her husband, whose forehead was cut open by an assault committed with a basin. The angry wife is now expiating her violence by fourteen days' imprisonment.

WE have just found further proof of the superiority of the parent's influence over that of the schoolmistress. Johnnie was the "show-boy" of Miss Mincington's school, and ever and anon sang goody-goody little songs for the nice ladies and gentlemen. One day Johnnie was called out for the especial benefit of a committee of old maids interested in the temperance movement. Then Johnnie made the welkin ring with "Landlord, fill the flowing bowl, until it does run over." Johnnie explained that his pa had promised him sixpence to sing it for Miss Mincington. Johnnie got the sixpence.

"COMMIT me at once," quoth a prisoner to a magistrate. With a valorous glitter in his solitary orb, the Beak, unappreciative of Harry's daring, made reply, "Not yet." Then up spake Harry, "I don't care about coming down so often in the aristocratic carriage, or Black Maria as it is more commonly known." It was in vain for the magistrate to suggest that the jaunt must be a pleasant change. How little he knows of Harry's true nature! "I don't like it. I don't like to be disturbed." They are now thinking of bringing a four-in-hand for Harry's special benefit.

FOUR sweet young ladies, who resorted to a matrimonial agency to obtain husbands, were the subjects of discussion at a meeting of the creditors of a young furniture dealer named Crocker, who, upon being pressed by his creditors, absconded. The trustee announced that in turning over the young man's papers, he discovered that the editor of a paper inserting matrimonial advertisements had offered the defendant the choice of four young ladies, their ages varying from twenty to twenty-six, all said to be possessed of money; one of them being "very accomplished" and another "very refined." We have been asked to state whether this case has anything to do with us. In reply we beg to say emphatically, no! For could Tootsie lend herself to such things?

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.
A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING JUNE 9TH, 1888.

3rd June, 1840.—On this day, the first Atlantic steamer, the pioneer of the Cunard Line, arrived at Boston. She was called the *Unicorn*, and she made the passage in sixteen days, not bad time for a craft not much larger than a tug-boat. The *Unicorn* was followed on the 18th of July by the *Britannia*, the first big steamer that ever entered Boston Harbour. She made the passage in fourteen days, eight hours, bringing quite a little crowd of passengers. She was enthusiastically received, and on the 21st of July a "Cunard Festival" was held in East Boston, in a pavilion credited to accommodate two thousand persons. The advent of the large steamship brought many Englishmen of note to Boston, among them, in January, 1842, being Charles Dickens, who arrived in the *Britannia*, after a severe passage of eighteen days, from Liverpool.

3rd June, 1776.—During the celebration of a wedding this day, at Mautun, the floor of the house gave way, and sixty-six persons were killed, among whom was the bride.

3rd June, 1880.—The discovery this day of the body of a woman in a cask, in the area of 139 Harley Street, caused much excitement in the metropolis.

4th June, 1094.—On this day a pig was hanged from a gibbet, near Laon, for devouring the baby of one Jehan Lenfant, a cow-herd. Even so late as the year 1612, a pig was convicted of having worried to death and partially devoured a child fourteen or fifteen months old, the son of a mason residing at Molinchart, also within the jurisdiction of Laon. Animals were liable to spiritual censures as well as to penal sentences. In 1120 we find the Bishop of Laon excommunicating a swarm of caterpillars in the same terms which the Council of Rheims had employed in the preceding year in denouncing priests who indulged in the sin of matrimony.

4th June, 1655.—This day (Monday), five prisoners from Newgate were hanged at Tyburn; one, drawn in a sled, for coining; another, one Mr. Shelly, a knight's son, for robbery, who, coming down Newgate stairs, stabbed himself before he came into the cart. He was hanged with the rest, but it is said was dead in the cart long before he came to Tyburn.

5th June, 1814.—From a newspaper of this date, it appears that on the preceding Sunday morning, while the sexton of All Saints' Church at Stamford was engaged in ringing the bells, two youths, named King and Richards, ascended the steeple by means of the crotchets or projecting stones on the outside of that beautiful and lofty spire. The stones on which they stepped in the ascent are twenty-six in number, three feet asunder, and the summit of the spire is one hundred and fifty-two feet from the ground. In ten or twelve minutes the feat was performed, and the adventurers had safely descended, one of them having hung his waistcoat on the weathercock as a memento.

5th June, 1291.—Philippe le Bel made this day a law by which the Bourgeoisie were forbidden to wear jewels. No lady having less than an income of 2,000 livres to have more than one gown a year, and no one to be allowed to give a grand dinner at which more than two meats and soup were served. This was done to suppress the growing luxury of the age.

6th June, 1606.—Before the time of the great Corneille, who was born on this day, and even in his time, each troupe of actors kept its own dramatic poet, who used to receive for every play he wrote the enormous fee of three crowns. Besides, he was invested with the honourable privilege of beating the drum to summon the spectators to the performance. This was even the case with Moliere, Corneille's predecessor and rival.

6th June, 1829.—Douglas Jerrold's *Black Eyed Susan* was this day produced at the Surrey Theatre. The prices of admission to theatres in the reign of Queen Elizabeth were: gallery, 2d.; lord's rooms, 1s. In January, 1860, several of the theatres were first opened on Sunday evenings for religious worship, and were well filled.

6th June, 1853.—This day the *Nesree* was wrecked, thirty-five miles south of Bombay, and about 350 passengers, chiefly Indian pilgrims coming from Arabia, were lost.

7th June, 1394.—"Anne of Bohemia, Queen of Richard II., who died this day, first taught English women to ride on side-saddles, when, as heretofore, they rid astride."—"Remains concerning Britain, 1614."

7th June, 1630.—On this day a terrible storm at Sens, in the Department of the Yonne, destroyed ten villages, of three of which not the slightest vestige is said to have remained.

7th June, 1765.—Burials within the walls of Paris were this day forbidden, but continued for fifteen years longer.

8th June, 1743.—"Alexander Cagliostro, the quack of quacks, the most perfect scoundrel that in these latter ages has marked the world's history," as Mr. Carlyle calls him, was born this day at Palermo. In the height of his prosperity he rolled through Europe with his wife in a coach-and-four, found access to the best society, and mysteriously dispensed potions, washes, charms, and love philtres. By a wine of Egypt, sold in drops more precious than nectar, they promised restoration to the vigour and beauty of youth, to worn-out men and wrinkled women. His wife adduced herself as a living evidence of the efficacy of the elixir. Though young and blooming, she averred she was sixty, and had a son a veteran in the Dutch service. All, however, was not prosperity with them, and in the end the Holy Inquisition, at Rome, into whose power they fell, confined Cagliostro in the fortress of St. Leo, where he died in 1795, at the age of fifty-two. His wife, who was confined in a convent, survived him for several years.

8th June, 1881.—The Theatre Royal, Belfast, was this day destroyed by fire. Belfast, the capital of Ulster, is first mentioned about 1315. Its castle is supposed to have been built by John de Courcy, and was destroyed by Edward Bruce.

8th June, 1857.—Douglas Jerrold, wit, dramatist, and satirist, died this day at his residence, Kilburn Priory.

9th June, 1824.—Mr. Oxberry, an actor of great talent as a comedian, died this day in an apoplectic fit at his house in Drury Lane. He also followed the business of a printer, and from his press periodically appeared cheap editions of the drama and several other works. His printing office was at Camberwell. Oxberry was also landlord of the "Craven's Head Tavern," in Drury Lane, where once a dispute arose respecting the existence of the mermaid, when "mine host" undertook to prove it logically. "Now," said Oxberry, "if I prove the existence of mermen will you believe it?" "Certainly." "Why, then," says he, "a merman is but a seaman, and a mermaid is but a seamaid; now, as I believe no one will doubt (our enemies, at least, will not), that we have plenty of seamen, why may we not have seammaids also?" The reasoning was irrefragable; a bumper was filled to the "pride of the ocean," which was followed by the song of the "Beautiful Maid," given in exquisite style by one of the company.

9th June, 1886.—An eruption of Mount Tarawera, New Zealand, took place this day, when the famous Pink Terrace, near Lake Rotomahana, was destroyed.

ALLY SLOPER'S
FREE LIFE INSURANCE.

£150 will be paid by MR. GILBERT DALZIEL, the Proprietor of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," to the next-of-kin of any Man, Woman, Boy, or Girl (Railway Servants on duty excepted), who should happen to meet with his or her death in a Railway Accident, in any part of the United Kingdom. PROVIDED a copy of the current issue of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is found upon the Deceased at the time of the Accident. "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is published every Thursday morning at 10 o'clock, and the Insurance lasts one week from that time, expiring at 10 o'clock the following Thursday morning.

THE SONG OF THE DERBY DOLL.



HORSES a-many, and horsemen, too,
Brimming with vital force,
Fleeting, like shadows, I've seen them pass
Over the Epsom course.
Once they were mettlesome, proud, and strong,
Now they're in slumber deep;
Over the turf they were wont to run;
Under the turf they sleep.
Riders and racehorses all are gone,
Yet am I still alive;
Flesh is but grass, so it fades away,
Sawdust and wax survive.
Horses and horsemen must cross the Styx,
Paying old Charon's toll,
Changeless, immortal, I flourish still,
Hurrah for the Derby Doll!

GROGGY.

OUR publisher said a good thing the other day. He and the O'Flaherty had been discussing hot grog together, until at length the latter rolled off his chair. The former rang for the servant to assist the prostrate one on to his seat again, but O'Flaherty would not have it. "What!" he exclaimed, "shall O, the descendant of the old O'Flaherty, allow the hiring of the Saxon tyrant to touch me? Never." "Well, I'm very sorry," said the other, "but unfortunately the Saxon tyrant is too tight to assist you yourself, but he will have great pleasure in lying down by your side." Thereupon he rolled on to the hearthrug, and they finished the evening most amicably.

Each Week's Competition Complete in Itself.

SLOPER'S WEEKLY PRESENTS.

The Friend of Man is now giving Two Substantial Presents away every week to Purchasers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY"—one to a Lady, and one to a Gentleman. All that has to be done is to cut out and fill in the Label printed below, expressing a wish what the Applicant is in want of, and post it to:—

ALLY'S "PRESENT" DEPARTMENT.

"The Sloperies,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

*. Applicants must write distinctly in left-hand corner of envelope whether it is a Lady or Gentleman applying.

SLOPER'S WEEKLY PRESENTS.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," June 2nd, 1888.

Name

Address

Want

* "Sloper Watches" will not be given.

70th WEEK.

RESULT OF MAY 19th COMPETITION.

The following Applicants have been Awarded

"SLOPER PRESENTS."

1. Mrs. LAMBERT, 94 Lancaster Road, W., LONDON.

AN AIR CUSHION.

2. A. MILTON, Milland House, LIPHOOK.

A TRIOYOLE SADDLE.

TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

Advertisements, as under, will be inserted in this column free of charge, provided the Sender's Name and Address are enclosed with the advertisement, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Address—TOOTSIE, "MATRIMONIAL AGENCY,"

"THE SLOPERIES,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

LOUIE, tall, rather fair, aged 20, loving and domesticated, fond of home, but no income, would like to correspond with a gentleman who would make a kind and affectionate husband. Address—"LOUIE," TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY, "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

TWO YOUNG GENTLEMEN, aged 25 and 27 respectively, very passable-looking, clerks, desire to correspond with two young ladies, suitable and accomplished. Money not a requisite, though not objected to. Address—"GEORGE AND JACK," TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY, "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A LADY, aged 31, with good personal references, well educated, refined and ladylike, is desirous of corresponding with a gentleman from 30 to 45. Widower not objected to, who is in a good position, has a good income, and whose intentions are perfectly honourable. Advertiser has no means, but is domesticated, good-tempered, and would make a kind and affectionate wife. Height, 5 feet, brown hair, grey eyes, slight, good figure. Particulars, with photo which will be returned, received with the strictest confidence. Address—"ALPHA," TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY, "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

D. G., aged 28, tall, good-looking and strong, would like to hear from a young lady, pretty and good-tempered. He is a University student, moves in good society, lives in the country, and is in good position. Photo and portrait, which will be returned, if desired. Address—"D. G.," TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY, "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

YOUNG LADY, nearly 19, fair hair, dark grey eyes, considered pretty, rather petite, refined, amiable, well-educated and domesticated. Good family, would like to correspond with a dark gentleman, about 23. Must be fond of literature and music, and able to keep a wife comfortably. Photo (which will be returned) to—"BETIE," TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY, "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

*. NOTE.—Tootsie undertakes, free of charge and post-free, to forward moves in good society, lives in the country, and is in good position. Photo (which will be returned) to—"BETIE," TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY, "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

*. In consequence of the enormous number of letters received, we are unable to publish those selected as soon as we could desire; but the Editor wishes to assure his Correspondents that all letters of importance and interest, and of moderate length, will be sure to find a place ultimately in his Letter-Box, and he therefore invites correspondence on all subjects.

H.M.S. "ALEXANDRA," MALTA, May 11th, 1888.
DEAR SIR,—The Alexandra's A.D.C. the other day played for the benefit of "Ally Sloper's Poor Relief Fund," and I have great pleasure in enclosing a cheque for £7 10s., hoping it will arrive safely. We also send a play bill, and an account of the performance.
LIONEL E. S. HANCOCK, Lieutenant.

R.A.O.B.—PHILANTHROPY AND CONVIVIALITY—SOUTHWARK LODGE, "FLOWER OF THE FOREST," BLACKFRIARS ROAD, S.E., May 12th, 1888.

MY DEAR ALLY,—At an influential meeting of the members composing the above Lodge, it was unanimously agreed that, as a "mark of respect," the original buffalo horns, under which emblem your noble self has so often perched, should be forwarded to you as a relic, and to be added to your unsurpassable museum of curiosities, in anticipation that at an early date you may be induced to attempt to fathom the mysteries of our craft, and become a Royal Antediluvian Buffalo. The members also trust that you will receive this small present in the same spirit (not spirit of wine) that you have so often received others in from many brother admirers of your noble self, including your bottle holder and humble servant,
CHAS. W. LOCKYEAR, K.O.M. Secretary.

No. 11 FLUSHING ST., MILTON, near SITTINGBOURNE, KENT,

May 13th, 1888.

DEAR OLD GIN SMUGGLER,—I write to inform you of the excellent time my Sloper watch keeps, which I have had now nearly twelve months; and I am highly delighted with it. I have shown it to hundreds of people, and they all are surprised to think that you should give twenty away every week. Several people tell me they keep trying for one and cannot get one yet; but I tell them to wait patiently, and keep trying, and they will all get one in time. I have been thinking if ever you want a job, and wish to improve your health, there is a grand chance for you to come as pilot at King's Ferry Bridge, River Swale, for we are very short handed at present, and I am sure you would be delighted on such beautiful waters, especially if you were to bring darling Tootsie with you. We would all make her welcome. Such a lovely figure! I can recommend nice comfortable quarters at King's Ferry, if ever you should pay us a visit, with a good supply of "Unsweetened" which you could obtain there. As for myself I am almost a tea totaller, for I have just had a bottle of lemonade. I remain ever yours, with love to all, great and small, pretty and otherwise,
WILLIAM COOMBER, Pilot, River Swale.

WOOTTON BASSETT, WILTS, May 14th, 1888.

MY DEAR BARON,—Knowing how much your valuable time is occupied with the affairs of the world in general, it is with great reluctance (and solely at the request of your many admirers in this neighbourhood) that I trouble you with a photograph of what the said admirers are kind enough to call "The Celebrated ALLY SLOPER Screen, 1887." I enclose also a cutting from our local paper, showing how much the screen is appreciated in these parts. Let me say that twice during 1887 I was laid up with severe illness, and for many weeks could only use one hand; but it was during this time that the idea of the screen flashed across me, and was carried out. Every atom of paper and every illustration was cut from your 1887 numbers, and the screen was covered with material (both sides), pictures arranged and pasted on, coloured, and finally photographed by me. With all best wishes for the future, believe me, my dear Baron,
Your obedient servant,
G. BOLTON.

SMACK "FAIRY," T. H. 961, RED WHITE FLEET AT SEA, GREAT YARMOUTH, May 14th, 1888.

DEAR OLD SPINDLE SHANKS,—As the summer is now approaching, and all things rest from worldly cares and take holiday, I wish to know if you are thinking of recruiting your strength and adding to your beauty; and knowing you to be a nautical humbug and good swimmer (if only in "Unsweetened"), I would like you to pay us a visit on board. You can have plenty of 'bacca, but, as we do not have a cooper in our fleet, you will have to dispense with "Unsweetened" and take to tea. I think it will be a blessing to you to be away from public-houses and life for a while. I will pledge my word you shall have plenty of fish, as I want to see you get fat, for I believe once round you is twice round an earwig. If you would honour us with a visit, I will guarantee no accidents, as you are continually getting into scrapes through the nasty "Unsweetened." I remain, yours truly,
DEVIL FISH.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

£1:1:0 and the "SLOPER AWARD OF MERIT" have been presented to

H. A. NEAME, 11 Everton Road, Birkdale, Southport, for the best twelve-line verse (printed hereunder) on the ROYAL ACADEMY.

The name of an exhibitor had to be mentioned in each line.

The pictures R.A. splendid sight; no Pettie show is this:
Some Millais' uns will see it, for 'tis one that none should miss.
It Marks a page in history connected with fine art,
And boasts a Leader who can play an all-important part.
There's a portrait of the Prince of Wales at which you'd say
"Holl, oh!"

The painter's made him Lucas real as any in the show.
"A Golden Afternoon," when sold, will prove to be a Boughton,
And drawn by Mr. Watts—his name is one of those that's "caught on."

From memory "A Page of Burns" can scarcely ever Faed,
And visitors to Tally Storey needn't be afraid.
Amongst the grand Collection should have been a noted toper;
Oulness could have painted him—who more than ALLY SLOPER!

*. We earnestly appeal for further subscriptions, no matter how small the amount.

ALLY SLOPER'S POOR RELIEF FUND.

SUBSCRIPTIONS ACKNOWLEDGED IN LAST WEEK'S "HALF-HOLIDAY," £728 18s. 8½d. SINCE RECEIVED:—

MRS. S. LANE, £1; JOHN WESTWOOD, 3d.; "SLANG MONEY," 1s. 3d.; G. A. TRAMBE (Tottenham), 2s. 6d.; C. G. STANLEY, 1s.; WILLIAM STEWART, 3d.; Proceeds of performance given by the MEMBERS OF THE AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUB OF H.M.S. "ALEXANDRA" in aid of "ALLY SLOPER'S POOR RELIEF FUND," £7 10s.; W. CONNER, 1s.; THOMAS RUSSELL, 6d.; Collected by FRANCES LYDIA WHITEMAN, 4s. 6d.; A THANK OFFERING, 10s.; MAUD WHEELER, 1d.; BROTHER HARRY, 1d.; FRED, 1d.; LITTLE SHELTON, 1d.; TOL TURNOVER, 4d.

Making a total received up to May 23rd, 1888, £738 10s. 7½d.

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

WHY is a hard-worked literary man, who goes into the country for a rest, like a soldier on half-pay?—Because he's a pen-shinner (pensioner).

WHAT is the difference between a sailor and a beer-drinker?—One puts his sail up, the other puts his ale down.

WHAT is the difference between electricity and a fool?—One is simply marvellous, the other is marvellously simple.

QUERY.—Can a dark woman be considered one of the fair sex?

THE PRETTIEST MISS PRETTYMAN.
A LONDON LOVE STORY.

III.—The Agony Upstairs.

If Tom Potter had not taken too much wine, how was it that he found everything multiplied by six? How was it that there were now twelve Miss Pretty-mans instead of two, and that the same numerical increase had taken place with respect to their mamma, of whom, under these circumstances—for she was, to begin with, of substantial build and imposing breadth of skirt—the room seemed full to overflowing?



Found himself blinking in a blaze of light.

Allowing that this was a mere optical delusion, what were those male forms, in sombre attire, dotted about here and there amongst rolling billows of white tulle? And whence this hum of many voices? The fact was, these were not optical delusions. The Pretty-mans had asked in a few friends to a musical tea, and Tom Potter, coming upstairs with a tumbled head of hair, found himself suddenly blinking in a blaze of light, the observed of all observers, and rather wished he could go somewhere to dip his head into cold water and start fresh.

Often since then has Tom Potter wondered why, when he was asked if he liked music, he should have said he was passionately fond of it; because he was not, is not, and never has been so. He goes, like the rest of us, good soul, once or twice to the pit of the Opera during the season, and pretends, like the rest of us, to prefer it to the play. He buys his ticket cheaply at a fish shop in the Haymarket. He is not sorry to be noticed by a friend when entering or leaving the house. While inside he rakes the boxes with his field-glass, and nods with avidity if he sees an acquaintance in the upper tiers.

After the performance he looks in at Paddy Green's, wearing his light overcoat, and carrying his glass swung over his shoulder by a strap; and he mentions where he has been if he gets into conversation. He also for a day or two afterwards very cleverly introduces the circumstance into his small talk. Yet he is not fond of music. When, however, Miss Prettyman made the inquiry, he said he was passionately so.

"Then," said she, "you shall have a treat," and led him towards the instrument. "Are you going to play?" he asked.

"Oh, no!" she said—"oh, no, but someone—oh, so clever!" then in a whisper, "Miss Strumph."

Feeling that he ought to say something, Tom's only difficulty was to decide what it ought to be. Upon reflection he thought he would reply instead by a bright smile of intelligence. The same repeated from memory some hours afterwards at his looking-glass was not so successful as he could have wished. Perhaps he had done it better at the moment.

Miss Strumph wanted someone to turn over. Thomas said he would do so with pleasure. He had never tried before, but was hopeful. Describing Miss Strumph's style of manipulation, Tom says that her hands were as often as not outside the woodwork at either end of the piano. At other times her fingers were so much mixed up that he could only guess now and then which hand was which by the side the thumbs were on. With respect to page-turning in general, Thomas adds, those leaves that do not stick together usually slip down off the piano. While diving for them afterwards it is difficult to keep your balance.

"Suppose you allow me, sir," said a bearded gentleman in icy tones. It was Miss Strumph's brother, who seemed suffering under a sense of injury. Perhaps he thought Tom had spoiled his sister's performance.

"With pleasure," said Mr. Potter, in a gentlemanly, subdued manner.

(To be continued next week.)



Miss Strumph plays.

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 29.—VISCOUNT WOLSELEY, F.O.S.

"The scene is laid in a little village, deep in the recesses of the wilds of Ireland. The whole population is in uproar. Bands are playing loud and frantic notes, streamers are flying joyously in the air. But hark! a sound is heard, softly at first, like the distant rumbling of an earthquake, but getting louder and louder until it resembles the firing of a 100-ton gun. What does it mean? It is simply the announcement of a birth—the birth of Lord Wolseley, which had been expected for upwards of a week. The gallant babe showed warlike tendencies even from the first, and watch had to be kept o'er his cradle night and day, for fear his fiery spirit might lead him into danger. But all precautions were useless, for, do what they may, his parents could not keep him from playing with 'edged tools.' Indeed, so warlike did he become, that it was deemed advisable to place him under the tutorship of A. SLOPER, with the result that within a few years he became a General, and finally reached his present position. Chiefly because he is 'Our Only General,' Lord Wolseley was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him, June 13th, 1888."—*Debrett improved.*

Painted Beauty. Nearly everyone in your country paint, signor, do they not? I'm awfully fond of painting. He (*quizzically*). So I see!

The Eminent doesn't approve of giving horses medicine. It was the "Unsweetened" that brought Jehosaphat up to the mark.



Give three cheers, boys, for merry play. Enjoy yourselves while yet you're young; Make life one fine long holiday. And go through it with laugh and song.



"Houp-la! Go it, ye cripples. Now then, Alexandry, give the twins a chance, and shove a nail in that bloomin' bludgeon o' yours, Billiam." Thus spake the Eminent, as he took the Aunt Sally business down to the Derby.



She. Really, Mr. Jones, your delicate (h) attentions are quite uncalled for. [Jones, to a friend afterwards, "You might have knocked me down with a air-bubble. Don't know which way she meant it, but it quite pulverised me."

THOSE HORRID MALE THINGS!

"JACKET: s. A short coat for gentlemen."—*Dictionary.*
"VEST: s. A body garment worn by men."—*Dictionary.*



She. But you surely don't intend to go out like that?

He. Certainly, if you are going out in a jacket and vest!

"To think that there should be such beings in the world as men!" she said confidentially to an intimate friend. "They are so stupid, you know."

HOW THEY BECAME ACQUAINTED.



1. They met for the first time at the corner of a street.

"Now, by the transports in my thrilling veins, my throbbing heart that leaps with joy to meet thee."—*FROUDE.*



2. And exchanged civilities.

"Oh, my heart's joy! what'er my sorrows be, they cease and vanish on beholding thee."—*DRYDEN.*



3. The feeling was reciprocal.

"I've sworn that I ne'er will see you more: I go—a last embrace I must bequeath you."—*LEE.*

4. It increased in warmth.

5. And they became so attached to each other as to be almost inseparable.